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Autumn

**A**UTUMN LEAVES  
*LL Politzer*  
PENCIL DRAWINGS  
*Harold B Herbert*





Horace. W. Nichols

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Why should I sing  
of dale and hills  
of birds and trees  
when thousand songsters  
have exploited  
nature's treasure store  
long, long ago. . . .  
Oh! let me sing of love  
and joy of life  
let me embrace  
the warming sun  
and guiding stars  
let love pulsate  
within my heart.



# AUTUMN LEAVES

VERSES and LETTERS

by

L. L. POLITZER

PENCIL DRAWINGS

by

HAROLD B. HERBERT

"Pan" Publishing House, Melbourne











## I SALUTE MY READERS.

*Just as the painter or composer in his divine hour of inspiration delivers the product of his imagination, so does the poet—only with the difference that the written word is entirely concrete and is encased by boundaries less lofty than those of music and the fine arts.*

*The poet's words are put on the scales of aestheticism; they are weighed carefully and they must conform with certain standards. The poet's intentions are easily misread — his utterings scrutinized by critical minds.*

*The poet must be allowed to give wing to his pegasus and let it stride freely and breezily.*

*The poet desires to carry his readers along in his dreamland, through happy avenues of thought stepping over golden autumn leaves, strewn across the path.*

L. L. P.





## AUSTRALIA.

The shore of unknown  
lands draws near  
and puzzled visions  
open to eager eyes  
of men, whom destiny  
has chosen pioneers.

Verdant lands they see  
untouched, untilled  
by human hand,  
a paradise so vast  
a playground  
for man and beast.

It's natives, black in pigment  
but white within  
live carefree lives  
and peaceful are  
it's roaming beasts.

A Continent, dormant  
through untold ages  
far, far away  
from all the beaten tracks  
secluded in a corner  
of the globe.

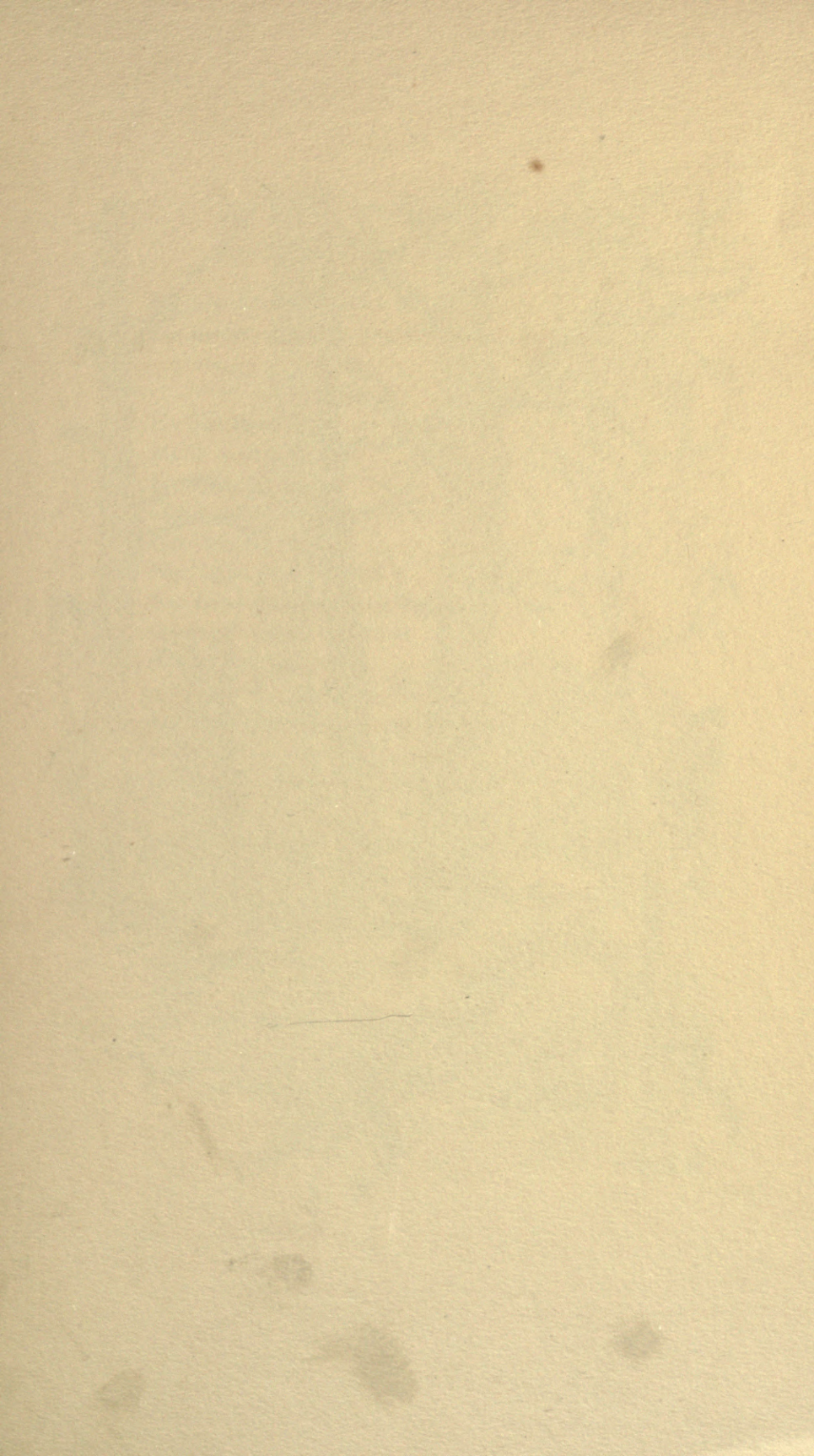
The Southern Star  
unfailing guide  
to ships that pass  
these lonely shores.

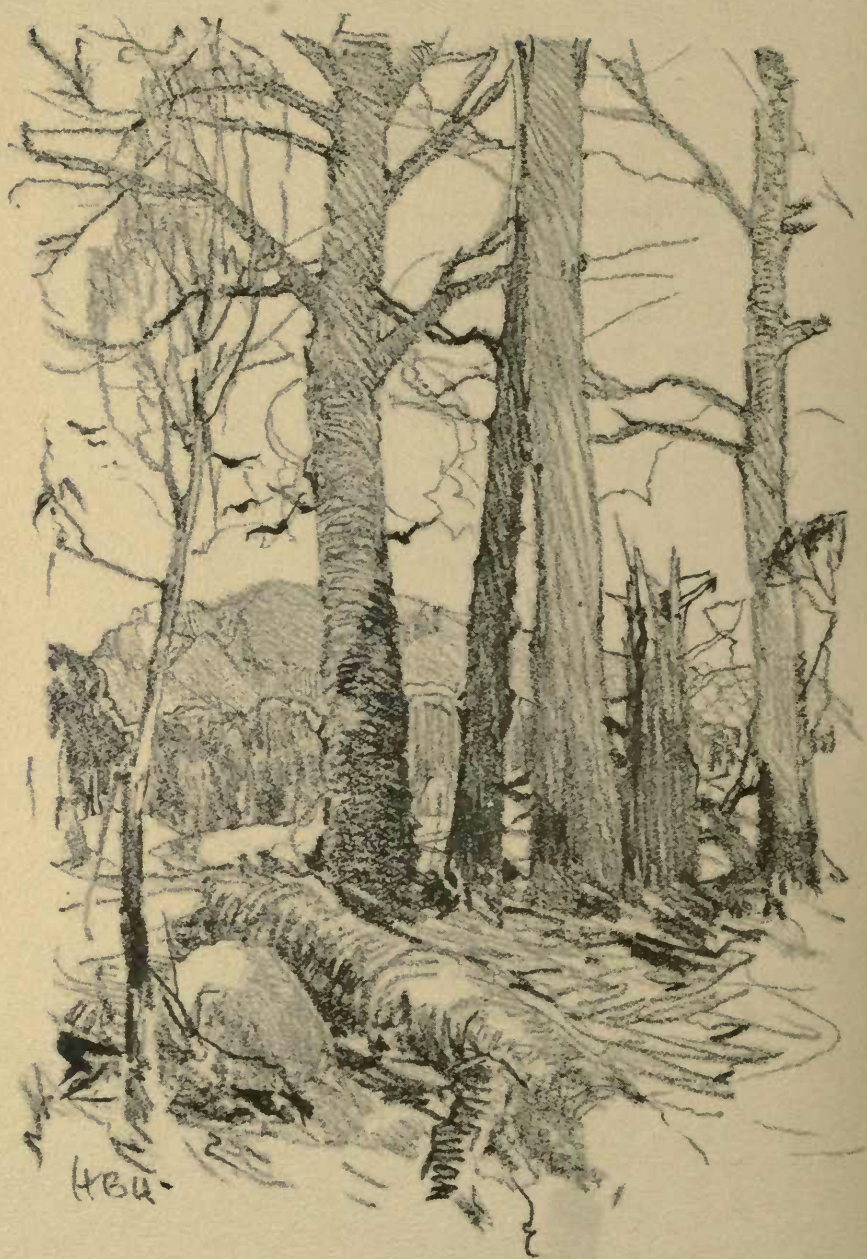
. . . . .

The pioneers alight  
adventure in their blood  
they roam in dale and hill  
follow the streams  
through unknown wilderness  
and battle, battle  
staking energy and life  
and conquer in the end.

Experience is life's beloved tutor  
we do not heed advice that's given  
free and freely . . . . .  
We mount the steps of life  
by heaving stone to stone  
and when we stumble  
on the rocky path  
flaming scars remain  
as milestones  
on our fleeting, earthly way.  
On, on, the clock runs fast  
permits of no respite  
fulfilled must be our mission  
and we must carry  
our burden  
to the journey's end.









## MORITURI.

Have you ever known death,  
the healer, peacemaker, leveller . . .

. . . . .  
. . . . .

He has been with me  
many a day . . . .  
he came . . . . .  
and I could not make him  
take his leave.

Nor is he ever present  
but slips on soundless heels  
through walls of stone  
when I'm depressed  
and down . . . . .

He stares just for a second  
and is gone,  
for he has many calls to make.

. . . . .

I take no fright of him  
submissively I watch  
and bide my time  
when I shall have to wrestle him  
supreme dictator

. . . . .

and shall lose the bout.

## EVENING ON THE YARRA.

Placidly flows the river  
encloaked in evening garb  
it's rippling waves caressed  
by iridescent lights  
some early, timid stars  
are welcomed  
peacefully ebbing rhythm  
stroking the nightbound stream  
bidding it's banks to sleep.

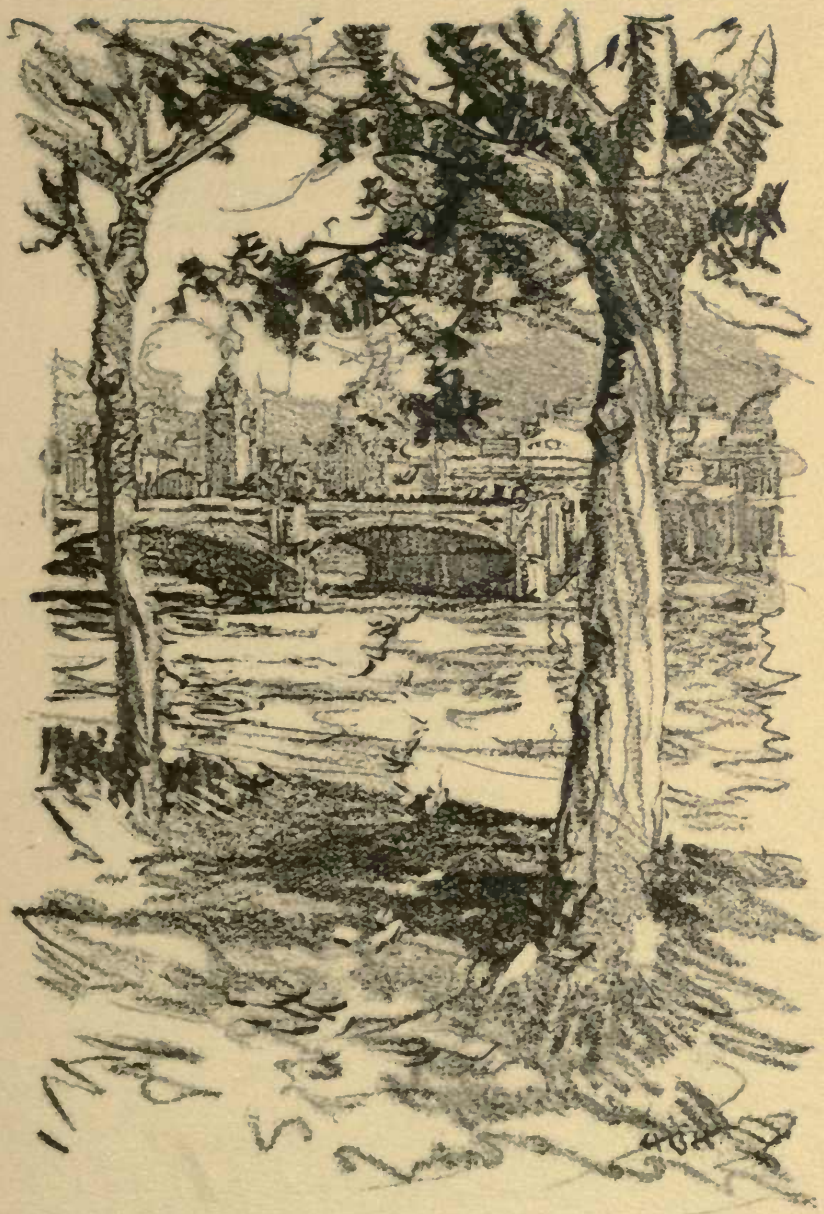
. . . . .  
And magically loom  
gigantic city structures  
a mighty panoramic backcloth  
to the stage of life  
enacted daily in it's labyrinth.

. . . . .  
The play is now at rest  
for a brief span  
the stage be set  
for 'morrow's drama  
when hand of destiny  
directs a million's fate.

. . . . .  
No other playhouse offers  
such diversity  
where comedy and drama  
alternate  
and actors and their public  
mingle dense and close . . . .

. . . . .  
Placidly flows the river  
night sings it's slumber song.









Love came one day from nowhere  
round the corner  
and there it was so simple and demure  
yet quite commanding  
in it's alluring charm.  
It's arms stretched hungry  
and it's heart beat fast  
parched lips were quiv'ring  
for a flood of kisses  
and ev'ry nerve was keyed to fever-heat.

. . . . .

The spark of love  
immersed in slumb'ring passion  
had found it's mate  
among the multitude of souls  
that stumble in the dark  
without a goal  
just longing in their hearts.

## PASSION.

When summer nights caress  
with velvet paws  
my jaded nerves . . .  
when clouds of jasmin float  
through dreamy lanes  
and heart and senses ought to rest  
in peaceful meditation  
I feel no lull in brain nor limb  
in storms of passion  
is my blood a'crying

. . . . .

Engulfed and trapped  
by lightning flashes  
of bacchanalian dreams

. . . . .

friend Pan is singing  
on his most tender flute  
songs of consuming love  
and heaven's vistas  
turn into hells of joy. . . .









## EVENING.

Midsummer stillness  
flower-scented evening  
gladness wafting through the air.  
One last, faintly sounding call  
of tired birds  
nesting at sunset . . .  
dusk spreads it's wings  
covering earth with tender care  
dreamland unfolds it's gates  
for all to enter. . . .



## CONCERTO.

A seething sea of people  
bent on getting thrilled  
by a piano grande

. . . . .

hush, hush  
They sit so still  
no murmur  
can be heard  
suspended breath  
stifles the eager crowd.  
The keyboard comes to life  
figures and ornaments  
moulded by artists hands  
dazzle in plastic vitality  
chains of tune are conjured  
from the cold ivory  
and a feast of melody  
radiates through the highdomed hall  
with its thousand lights. . . .  
How disturbing my little neighbour  
seventeen or there-about  
peach bloom cheeks and eyes  
of worldly penetration  
her lithe body clad  
in intriguing pranks of fashion  
eternal hide and seek  
of mystery and promise.

Should love be timed  
to standards set by man . . . .  
can we command,  
when our senses speak . . .  
hear not what's said  
in sordid market places  
where gossip thrives  
like orchid in the jungle. . . .  
Hark to yourself alone  
and live your life . . .  
drink joy in long  
and thirsty draughts  
yours is creations  
ever bubbling fountain  
love . . . . love  
each kiss  
a dew drop  
of morn'  
awakening blooms  
to greet the light  
of day. . . .



## OVER A CUP OF COFFEE.

A square room  
of carpeted comfort  
diffused lights  
mellowing the smoke-laden air  
and the burr  
of voices and laughter . . .  
turquoise coloured dresses  
encase winsome maidens  
mechanised movements  
smiles glacé . . .  
clutter of cups  
muffled sounds of a ladies' band  
and the fragrant odor  
of steaming coffee  
drowning it all.  
Shop talk at one table  
flirtation at another  
crossfire of questioning eyes  
dissecting their neighbours  
searching for heart or body  
query and answer  
in swift glances  
whilst nibbling at a biscuit  
or fingering a book or paper  
. . . . .  
the stream of newcomers  
sweeps on  
new faces  
in never ebbing tide.







## AFTERNOON TEA.

The ritual of aft'noon tea  
women young and women old  
some demure and others bold  
chatter floats, a seething sea.  
Powder puffs we must not scorn  
shiny noses they adorn  
lipstick rouge skilful applied  
such queer antics can be spied.  
Ceaseless chattering gossip runs  
brainless tittle tattle  
just to keep the jaws a'rattle  
and in between some tea and buns.



## HOLIDAY.

Festiveness in the air  
swamping people's mind  
submerging them . . .  
they rejoice  
forgotten all cares  
in the intoxicating thought  
of a day's freedom  
and pleasure . . . . .  
crowding and herding together  
like cattle in a paddock  
exuberance and vulgarity  
are trumps  
mass happiness  
keeps people in chains  
in the background looms  
the threatening shadow  
of toil, never-ending toil  
beyond the setting sun  
rises the vision of the mill  
the treadmill of grind  
. . . . .  
Another day will come  
march on and turn not round  
bend down your head  
there will be another holiday  
some day . . some day. . . .



H. 134.





*Letters*













### Dandenong Hills.

I have been tossed about on life's ocean and have cheerfully weathered storms and high seas. I have toyed with life and love—have gladly given and taken what fate decreed. Who could say in life: "I am the giver or the receiver" who knows? How often do we imagine to bestow a favour when we should acknowledge a gift?

I have drifted into this peaceful dale and from here, among my beloved gums I am sending you my first epistle. It is a letter which expects no answer . . . it really is more of a confession of emotions, conjured up before me when thinking of you and your image becomes real to my spiritual eye.

One often mistakes passing infatuation for love, fleeting passion for deep-rooted and heart-born affection. We all go through those transitory stages in our voyage through life.

Yet, on turning the pages of memory, I find the leaves empty, the images which should be imprinted therein, faded and only one guiding light is greeting me . . . you beloved.

I am raking the past, reconstructing the ghosts of my affection and I judge in a detached manner. I weigh the evidence—who was at fault—perhaps no one—temperament—circumstances—a thousand minute occurrences may destroy the tender, delicate meshwork of loving affection.

However, my heart was free—my mind at peace, when fate directed that we should meet. . . .



### Dandenong Hills.

I have moved on and gone deeper into the bush, where the primeval woods are dense and the lyrebird practises his antics in the undergrowth of fern and bracken. I feel lonely until I take up my pen, holding concourse with you.

I had to forsake the noisy, hustling city, the heartless grinding between the millstones of daily routine. I had to flee into the hills where peace may be found among gums and ferns. But even the most ideal surroundings bestow no peace if it does not come from within. Every page addressed to you my dear brings me nearer towards calmness and happiness.

Many among us consider letter writing an anachronism, old fashioned and out of date. Yet, I love expression by means of the pen—it forms an oasis of rest for the mind, whipped along at top speed in the race through life. It is the only means of concourse without any undercurrent of discord in speech or thought. One spoken word may tear the tender fabric of affection, one wrongly keyed word may destroy the spider-net like delicacy of loving harmony.





Dandenong Hills.

I am surrounded by primeval bush and fern and bracken . . . the air is bracing and my mode of living is condensed to simpleness . . . I am as close to nature as one's mind, affected by city life permits.

We all are in the throes of convention, prejudices and mockery . . . creating complexes and making life difficult and artificial. . . . It causes to focus events wrongly and one gets a distorted perspective . . .

But when your image enters the frame of contemplation, everything gets a new meaning and all clouds disperse . . . opening happy vistas to the mind.



### Dandenong Hills.

I have wandered about, buried myself among my books and have worked . . . your image has been my constant companion. It forms my inspiration and urges me to activity. How a friendship can grow from a tender sprig of mutual sympathy to be nursed into a powerful link between two souls . . . step by step until it spreads it's delicate shoots and entwines two people, merging their thoughts and actions into a unit of harmony.

Friendship is a calmly flowing rivulet, whereas love represents the embodiment of the wild unleashed torrent of passion, relentless in it's stormy progress—all-consuming and singeing on it's trail. It may purify or destroy . . . it's path is strewn with dangers . . . there is no halt whilst it rages. Friendship is the gondola of peace and happiness . . . gliding along silently and serene.

Autumn is stretching it's gentle hand over the foliage outside my windows and the leaves are rustling in a delicate pianissimo. Autumn breezes temper the fierce rays of the glorious sun whilst it sets in that eternal journey which brings joy to human hearts.





H.B.H.



## Dandenong Hills.

When the first brainstorm has spent themselves, when passion has ebbed down and calmness reigns . . . a transitory stage is entered . . . the real danger zone of love, the test, whether that infatuation with all its complementary characteristics will grow into a lasting understanding and deep-rooting friendship or whether it will leave emptiness in its devastating trail that means cooling off and eventually mort d'amour.

Times change and customs alter. Progress has transformed the world and all the people . . . yet love and friendship are two romantic relics in the hearts of human beings, surviving evolution and transformation. They have remained immovable poles around whom the soul of humanity moves making life worth living.

This complicated physical and spiritual function called life embraces love as its greatest force. Love is the propeller, driving masterfully the best in us and also our worst instincts. Fate directs how it shall manifest itself.

When the ship of love can sail on calm and peaceful waters, it carries the blessing of the Gods . . . One may ask . . . will not one love letter be twin like to another . . . can one tell of more love and affection than the other without being guilty of boresome repetition?

I ask . . . is one kiss like the other . . . are there not a thousand surprises in every tender kiss . . . in every affectionate embrace? Are lovers ever at a loss as to interpret in words their ecstasy and passion?

As these words flow from my pen, the fragrance of the bush becomes more real than ever, evening breezes sweep through the lightly swaying tree branches and disperse the heaviness of the sun-saturated atmosphere and peace reigns supreme.

It is a pleasure to be alive . . . . .





### Dandenong Hills.

The sun sets, a fiery ball, spreading it's misty blinding rays and dipping the paling landscape in a last splash of liquid gold—fleeting clouds turn gradually into a riot of rapidly changing pastel shades, transparent and enchanting—deepening shadows cast their giant arms over mother earth as if spreading heavenly quilts for the approaching night. The thousand birds wing with relaxing energy from bower to branch and hold excited converse, gossiping—cajoling—it seems to be the social hour in high tree tops—fanned by the mildly sweeping evening breezes, regenerating sunbaked heights and valleys. . . .

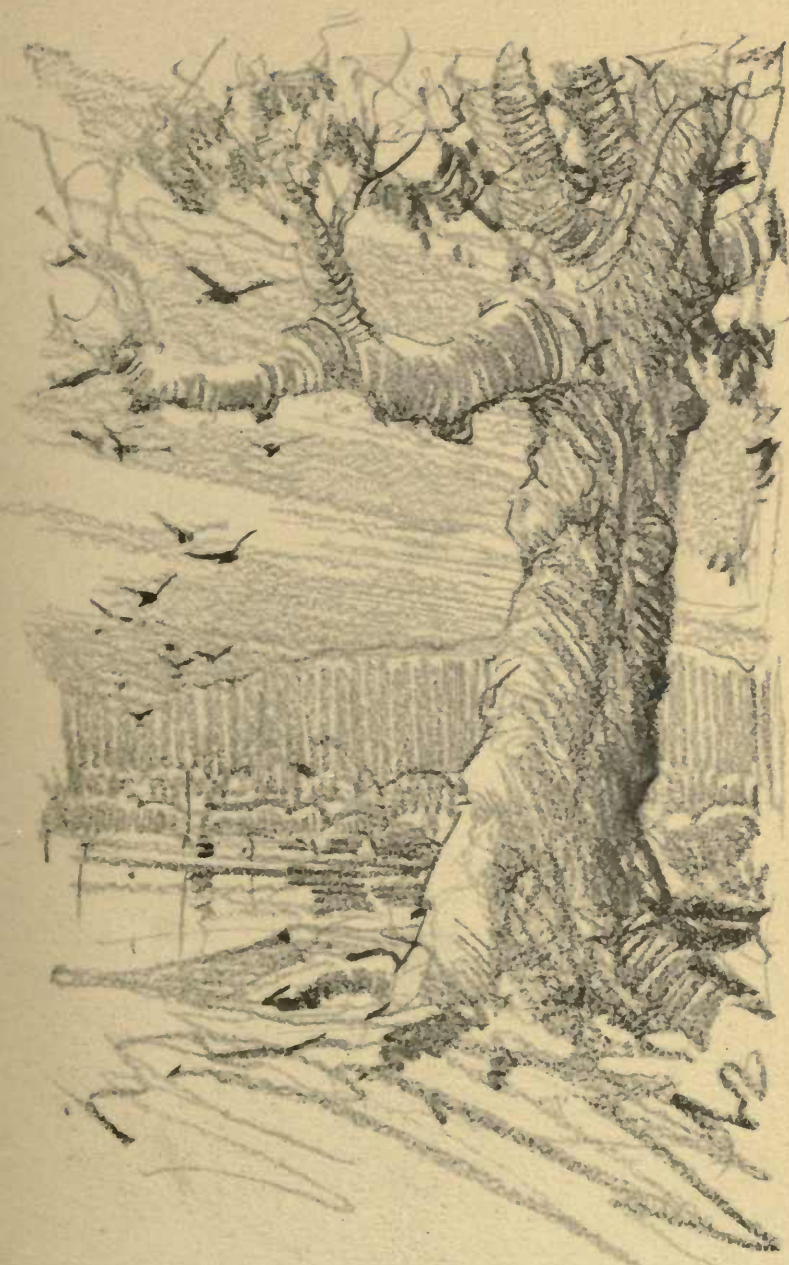
My favourite period for reflection, living again through past happiness . . . I kiss your image in my waking dream . . . you are with me in this glorious dusk . . . it is one of those silent hours of long ago, when none of us spoke and yet our minds entwined in harmony drifted along in peace.



We go through the spring of life exuberantly  
. . . full of expectations and curiosity . . .  
impatient for developments, groping in the dark . .  
Our every fibre is trembling for the unknown, mysterious. . . . We are dwarfs trying to stem our  
frail personality against the massive door the  
guardian of the fort of life. We grow older, bleed  
from a thousand wounds which life inflicts on us . .  
our heart has to stand the ordeal of emotional  
upheavals and we embrace illusion after illusion, a  
succession of kaleidoscopic dreams vanishing into the  
mist from whence they appeared. Life's pageant  
sweeps on, trampling down one and uplifting another.  
Humanity's existence is an eternal . . . . .  
Those, destined to climb the ladder of years, can  
record blessing if their upward journey helps to lift  
one of the many veils of goddess wisdom, so that  
they may feel her presence, and receive the light . . .  
become seeing. . . .

I greet you my love. The crispness of morning  
air sweeps over the hillcrest driving away all  
dullness, and the climbing sun instills that feeling of  
strength and confidence in oneself — dispersing all  
misgivings . . . all heaviness melts under the  
liquid gold flooding hills and meadows, the endlessly  
stretching water sheet at the borderline of the distant  
horizon trembles in silvery haziness.

The birth of a new day also means recreation  
of new hopes and unappeased longing comes within  
the range of fulfillment.



H.B.H.





## Dandenong Hills.

Loneliness is a curse. . . . I am most lonely in a crowd. . . . Those pleasures are not for me . . . and yet I love to mingle in a festive throng or sit in a packed theatre or concert hall . . . forgetting everything around me and giving way to reflections . . . closing my eyes and shutting myself off from the world. Whether music or chatter floating towards my ears . . . the sound acts like the ebbing tide, splashing gentle waves in well timed intervals. . . . .

My loneliness has grown with the years, becoming unbearable at times . . . is there nothing in this world to appease my longing . . . must I wander on restlessly and distracted with that mask of convention, an eternal carnival of disguise? I often wonder whether my burden is heavier than that of others . . . but let us forget . . . the sun is in the sky and the birds sing of their joy of life.

Carpe Diem.



## Dandenong Hills.

Autumn is not the end of things . . . it is a glorious transitory season, mellowing down the riotous summer, dimming the brilliancy of it's sun spectre, balancing the ledger of nature and humanity . . . both are stocktaking . . . it is a period of introspection. . . .

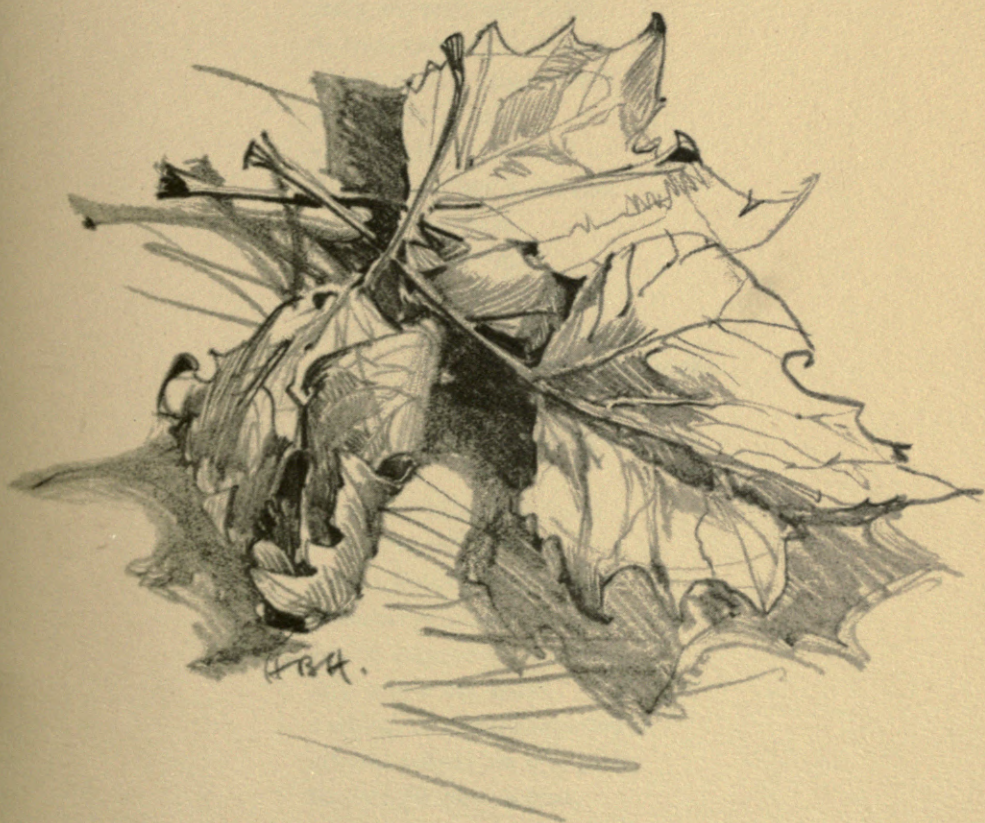
The sound of rustling autumn leaves bears music if one's inner self can look back on a path which had ambition as guideposts and success as mile-stones . . . then, one may well be satisfied, but even if one has missed worldly success, one's soul may evolve into a store-house of happiness and love and beauty, ideal phantoms will compensate for much in life . . . bestow even wealth, inaccessible to the multitude.

Autumn is a twofold herald . . . ushering in winter and raising hopes for that new spring, already sheltering impatiently under winter's warmth spending cloak and ready to burst forth when it has gathered sufficient strength . . . the eternal merry go round of seasons. . . .

The falling autumn leaves present a colourful carpet to our fleeting foot—a soothing sight to our eye—thought to the contemplating mind—the sadness of falling autumn leaves can be tempered by happy memories. . . . .











## RETROSPECTIVE.

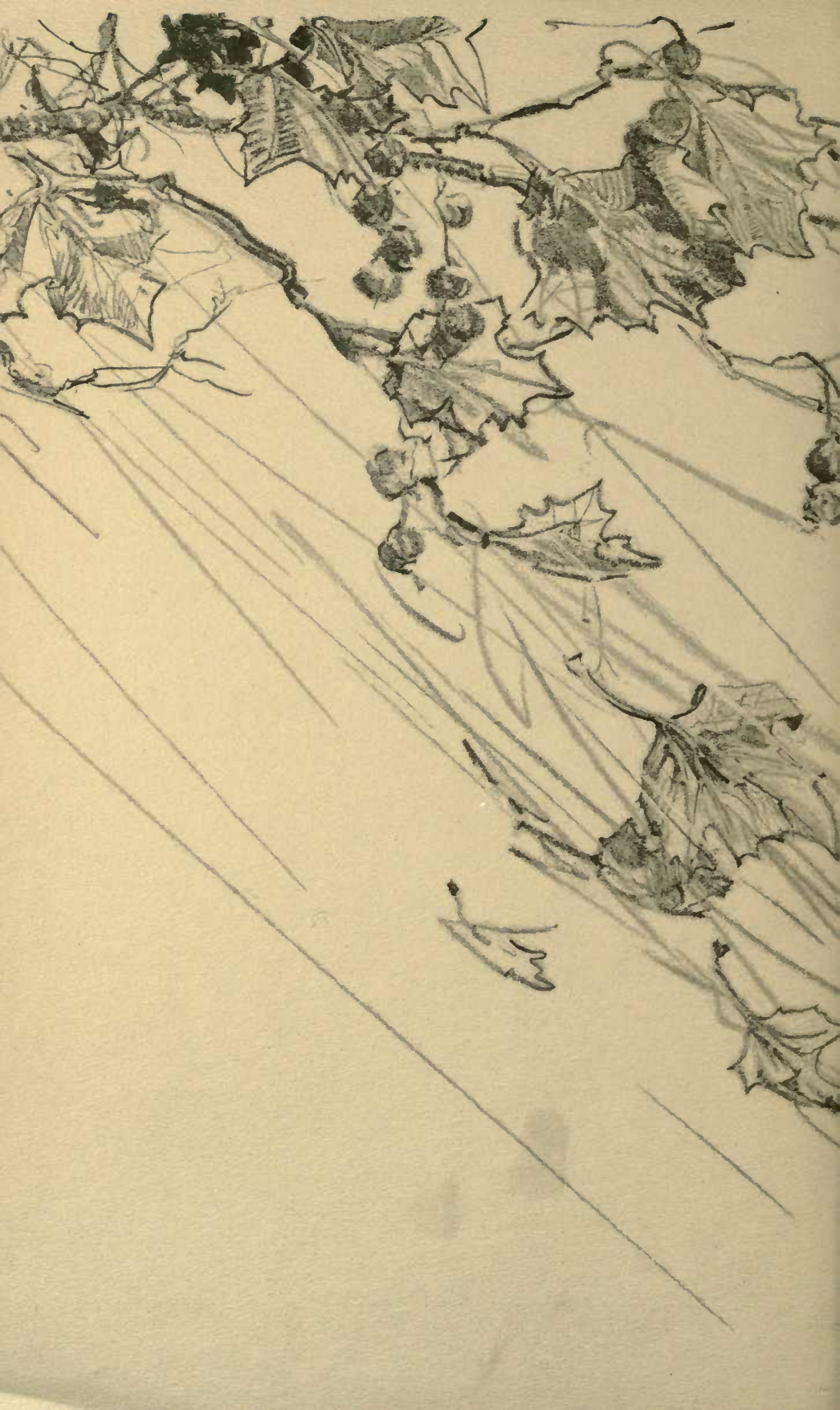
Life's tangled cross roads,  
their mystifying bend  
to our earthly journey  
adventurous spirit lend.  
Who'd be a seer  
to penetrate the veil  
will future hold success  
or shall we fail.  
The force of fate  
makes our travel light  
onward and on we march  
till we have reached the height.  
And looking back  
the longdrawn winding trails  
we see . . . . .  
freed of blinding veils  
A world of beauty  
dreambound and serene  
a treasure house, we'd passed  
much happiness within.  
It's walls are mute  
and all it's shutters closed  
silence reigns in it's halls  
the magic key is lost.

















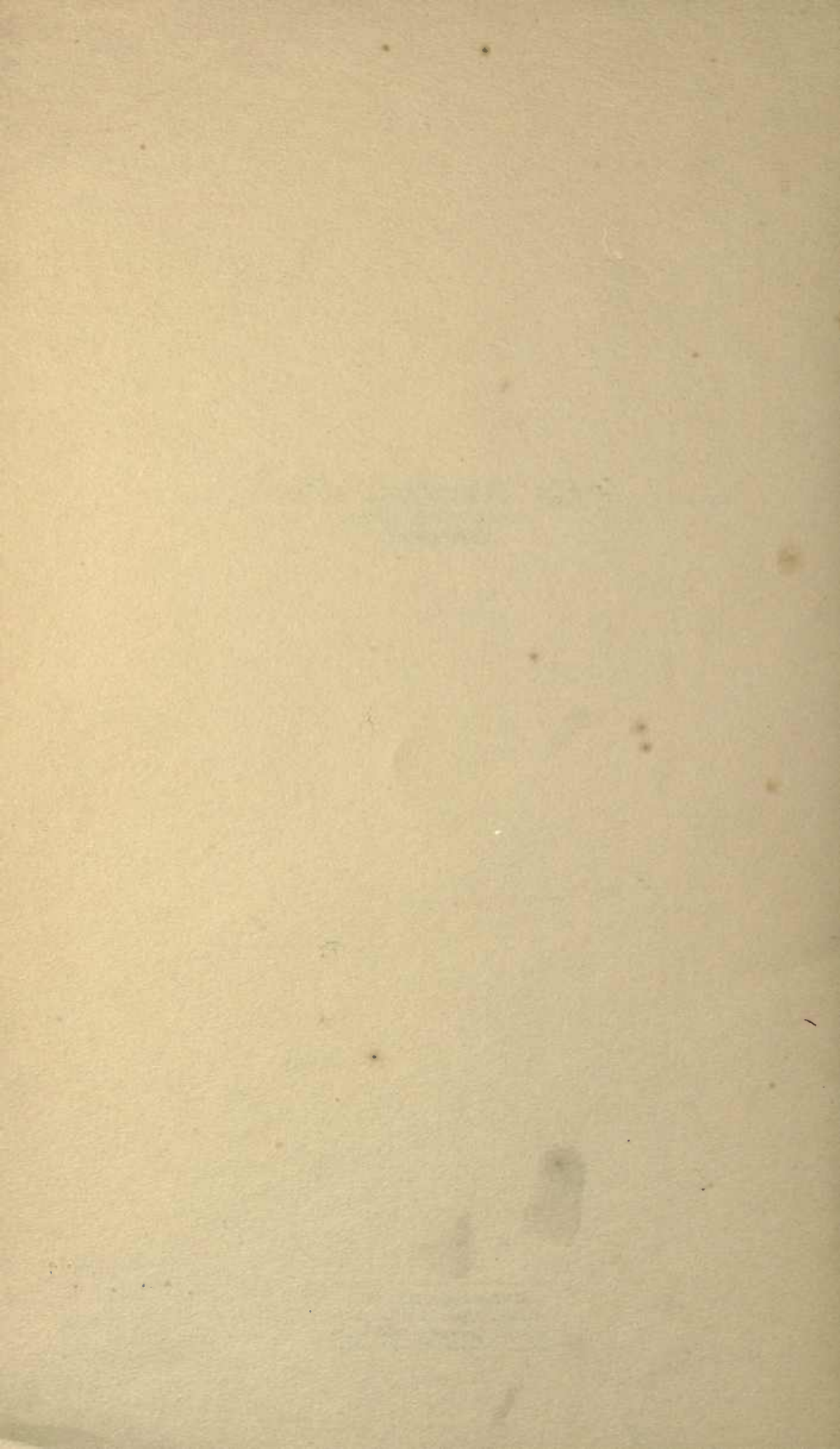


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